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Do I contradict myself? Very well then, I contradict myself. (I am large, I...

Do I contradict myself? Very well then, I contradict myself. (I am large, I contain multitudes.) - Walt Whitman



Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader,

Everything I say is a lie.

But believe me when I say this:

I'm telling the truth.

I've always been honest.

Except for when I haven't.

And I never lie.

Unless the situation calls for it.

Which, let's be honest, is more often than you'd think.

You can trust me completely.

But don't take my word for it.

*Some people say reality is **objective**. Others say it's **subjective**.*

The truth is, they're both wrong—

Though, in a way, they're also right...

Which means I was wrong to say they were wrong.

Which makes me right again.

You see?

I always know exactly where I'm going.

Even when I have no idea how I got here.

Life is simple.

Until you think about it for too long.

Then it's impossible to understand.

But the key is to stop thinking and just live in the moment.

Unless, of course, you prefer to reflect.

Which I do.

Constantly.

Except when I don't.

I have no regrets.

Except for the ones that haunt me at night.

I move forward without looking back.

But sometimes, I stare so long at the past that the future starts to look familiar.

I know myself better than anyone.

And yet, I surprise myself daily.

I'm decisive.

Unless a decision is involved.

Then I reconsider.

I have a strong moral compass.

Except when I follow my instincts.

I always do the right thing.

Until it becomes inconvenient.

I'm independent.

But I need others to see me that way.

I crave adventure.

Unless it requires me to leave my comfort zone.

I'm a minimalist.

But I want more.

I believe everything happens for a reason.

But I can't think of a SINGLE good reason for half the things that have happened to me.

I take full responsibility for my choices.

But it's not my fault.

I don't care what people think.

But I hope they like this.

I love meeting new people.

Unless I have to talk to them.

I value deep connections.

But I'd rather keep things casual.

I hate small talk.

But I don't want to get too personal.

I'm an open book.

But some pages are missing.

I share my truth without hesitation.

Unless the truth is uncomfortable.

I'm fearless.

But rejection terrifies me.

I have high standards.

But I'm willing to settle.

I know what I want.

Until I get it.

I'm in control of my life.

Except for the parts that control me.

I wake up every morning with a clear purpose.

But sometimes, I forget what it is.

I work hard to achieve my goals.

Even though I have no idea if they're the right ones.

I'm committed to personal growth.

But I don't want to change too much.

I believe in taking risks.

But only the safe ones.

I stand by my principles.

Unless they become inconvenient.

I trust my gut.

Even though it's led me into disaster before.

I never let fear control me.

Except for when it does.

I let go of the past.

But it follows me everywhere.

I'm a realist.

But I daydream constantly.

I plan for the future.

But I live in the moment.

I take life one step at a time.

But I try to skip ahead.

I embrace uncertainty.

But I hate not knowing.

I welcome change.

But I miss the way things used to be.

I believe in destiny.

But I think free will is real.

I accept things as they are.

But I want everything to be different.

I have a healthy relationship with money.

Except when I spend recklessly.

I don't need validation.

But compliments make my day.

I stay calm under pressure.

But my inner monologue is screaming.

I mind my own business.

But I'm curious about everything.

I'm not afraid to be alone.

But I crave connection.

I take care of myself.

Except when I don't.

I say what I mean.

But I don't always mean what I say.

I'm patient.

But I hate waiting.

You might be wondering where this is all going. Me too.

But don't worry—I have a plan.

Unless you prefer chaos, in which case, forget everything I just said.

At the end of it all, I leave you with one final truth.

Or maybe it's a lie.

But if it is, that means it's true.

Which means...

Forget it. You'll figure it out.

Or maybe you already have.

Self-Love University isn't for people who've figured it all out. It's for those of us who contradict ourselves daily—and are finally ready to stop pretending that's a problem.

Come as you are: honest, confused, wise, ridiculous.

We don't fix you here.

We just give you permission to hold all of you.

Especially the parts that don't make sense.

[Class starts when you're ready_\(or not\).](#)

Until next time,

Anton

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.



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